52.

The paire of Northerne Turtles:

Whose love was firme till cruell Death, Depriv'd them both of life and breath.

To a new Northerne Tune, or, *A health to Betty.*

Farewell, farewell, my dearest deare,
all happinesse wait on thee,
For now alas my Turtle Dove,
I am departing from thée,
Nothing but death could change our love
but now he that will sever,
And separate those Turtle Doves,
which long lay lulling together.

Oft times with kind imbraces sweet,
thy armes have me inclosed,
With kisses lulling me asleepe,
like Lovers kind disposed,
Whose firm affections nought but death,
at any time could sever,
But now he'l part those Turtle Doves,
which long lay lulling together.

O could I stay but now with thée,
Thou shouldst as constant prove me,
As Thysbe tō her Pyramus,
so dearely doe I love thee;
As not the love of any man,
our loves at all should sever,
Farewell my Love, we now no more,
shall nere lye lulling together.

Could teares expresse my griefe of heart
which now I have conceiv'd,
Whole rivers frō mine eies should flow,
to tell thee how I'm grieved,
That now I needs must part from thée,
since death our loves doth sever,
And that alas we cannot now,
no more lye lulling together.

But yet assure thy selfe my Dove,
my Turtle and my dearest,
Above all other men in the world,
thy love to me was neerest,
No fancy towards another mate,
our loves at all could sever
So kindly did we allwayes greet,
while we lay lulling together.

Which makes me sigh and wéep & mourn
to leave my onely Sweeting,
But yet I hope in joy and blisse,
wee shall have better meeting;
Though in this world most cruell death,
our love and joyes doe sever,
Yet we in better joyes I hope,
in heaven shall live together.

Therefore my Deare be not thou sad,
nor too much discontented,
O let not my departure hence,
of thee be now lamented,
Lest killing griefe perplex thy mind;
For though our bodies sever,
We shall in the Elizian fields,
in joy and blisse met together.

So once more I bid thée adieu,
now take thy latest kisses,
For now pale death hath wounded me,
farewell all earthly blisses,
Farewell my dearest Turtle Dove,
yet though our bodies sever,
I hope in everlasting blisse,
we shall shortly met together.

45. 6. 28. 22.

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45. 6. 28. 22.

The second part of the Northerne Turtle;

Wayling his unhappy fate,
In being deprived of his sweet Mate.

To the same Tune.

AS I was walking all alone,
I heard a man lamenting,
Under a hollow bush he lay,
full sor he did repent him:
Alas, quoth he, my Love is gone,
which causeth me to wander,
Yet merry will I never be,
till I lye lulling beyond her.

God Lord so soundly could I sleepe,
if that I lay lulling beyond her,
All the night, till day were light,
and the Sun did shine upon her,
Yet early by day I would steale away,
to keepe my Love from slander,
Yet merry will I never be,
till I lye lulling beyond her.

My Love and I will gallantly,
so many yeares together,
Her love was so inclined to me,
that now I'm loth to leaue her:
But now this wicked world is such,
that causeth me to wander,
Yet will I never woman touch,
till I lye lulling beyond her.

Like to the Turtle I will mourne,
in absence of my marrow,
With bitter teares I cry and mourne,
my joy is all but sorrow;
My comfort is to me much care,
whilst floods and woods I wander,
Nay, merry will I never be,
till I lye lulling beyond her.

O Gods that make the Fowles that fly,
to love their Mates so dearely,
Yet for her sake they doe refuse,
to sing or chirp once cheerely;
What comfort can the world afford,
what joyes then can I render?
Nay merry will I never be,
till I lye lulling beyond her.

A pretty Dame was once my Love,
till death made separation,
And she to me did constant prove,
without dissimulation;
Yet for her sake still will I weepe,
while I on earth doe wander,
Nay soundly will I never sleepe,
till I lye lulling beyond her.

Though cruell death hath cut the breath
of this my comely creature,
To meet againe we have true faith,
our change is but a feature,
Death may indeed in bondage keepe,
yet not our love can hinder,
Then soundly, soundly shall I sleepe,
when as I lye lulling beyond her.

My dearest Deare I come to thee,
when't pleaseth death to send me,
The grave I count my dearest home,
oh quickly then befriend me,
She prov'd a Hero true to me,
and I will be Leander,
I never shall in quiet be,
till I lye lulling beyond her.

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